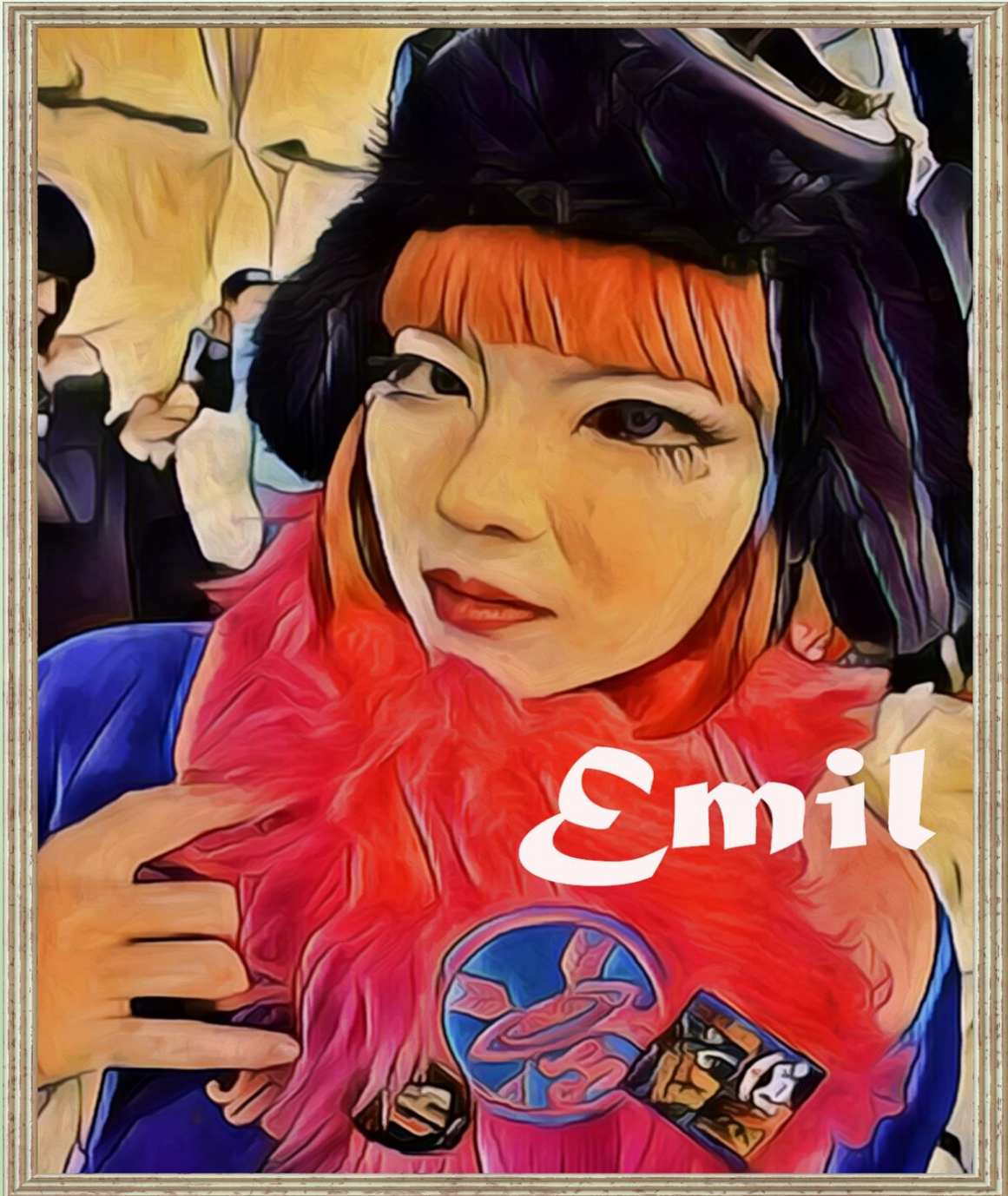


A Sunny Day out in the Park

TOKYO



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HOWDY! GREETINGS! WELCOME!

“There was a time” is a reasonable, a time tested and widely accepted catch phrase and story hook that has worked continually for vast thousands of years, even before we learned to write and promptly began civilization’s need for editors or so, that is what I have convinced Emil of and it kind of works but, Emil still elects to ignore any advise that I do offer...threaten or plea...

The more important thing and my primary focus is in planting a story idea in the fertile imagination of Emil’s otherwise blighted, ragged excuse of a brain...

If there were only a replacement!

No! I am not sending him to seek out the great wizard...although, Emil has started to take on a scarecrow, new age look and dress...recently...

In the end of my own Spartacus Moment with Emil, this month’s book was born...The main argument was due to the misunderstanding that we were going to send Emil back to Tokyo for this assignment...in fact, that had been my plan until Mr. Charles (WWWG’s Head Accountant) reminded me that Emil had a bunch of pictures left over from his last assignment there and that there was no need for Emil to go again – “just have him use all of those pictures we didn’t use last time...” This is why Mr. Charles is such a treasure to WWWG as he is always looking after our bottom line.

Unfortunately, no one thought to let Emil know...

It has gone downhill very quickly from that point...

Seine LaGone



GATHER TOGETHER CHILDREN!

Yet another month has disappeared from my 1987 desktop calendar...

Yes! I do understand that this is not 1987 but, it was on discount down at the Dollar Store...and, Campers, a discount at the Dollar store is nothing to easily walk away from...

It kind of works, at least, the months are the same but, I do need to make adjustments on matching up the actual days of the week.

Do you know how much this has allowed me to save towards the core basics of a livable life, Cuban Rum and Cigars?

The answer is a lot...well kind of, sort of...especially if you ever priced new calendars down at the Big C (Asia's Big Box Store - still no endorsement fees offered!)

Why have I wasted so much type to such a stupid topic, you already know how cheap I am?

It is to show you what utter poverty truly looks like and has forced upon me...

Being forced into living in this utter economic state of almost 5th World poverty even while living in a place surrounded by Crazy, Super Rich Singaporeans and their assembled minions of the working class stiff (literally millions) seemingly devoted almost entirely to offer service to their Master Class' newest, wildest desires or demands; this has so beaten me down that I am so easily brow-beaten by those swine, corporate thugs (Mister Chucky and his clan of socialist accountants) here at the equally socialist-leaning WWWG and the cruelty of my lack of a voice in this system is the reason this book was created – to appease the whims' of Seine...So, here we are? Got a smoke, buddy?



Emil

GATHER TOGETHER CHILDREN!

Campers!

Let me just start by saying that this issue is problematic at best and to my sense of commercial justice, it is, like, totally bogus and not worth buying other than for the excellent, the new creative artwork – which I do approve of but, as always, I am full of myself (I am) as you already have figured out by anything more than a casual reading of the series.

This month saw to a whirlwind of deeply hurt feelings, an ultimate betrayal of agreements and a total revaluation of “why am I doing it...”

Thus, it is fair to say (as you might tell from the above) that I am a very unhappy camper and you should be (on one level) a unhappy consumer of WWWG products...

Let me just say “if you see any of them (WWWG Executives or their thuggish clan of crooked accountants) on the street, in a grocery store or even a gas station...gather a crowd and push back on them that they are not welcome there...”

Well, that being said and you being left to ponder as to what the _____ (this is Singapore and I am not allowed to use that word in print) is going on in the normally happy lands of Emil...especially, given that I have failed to give you any just cause(s) to form a protest mob...let me bring you up to date on the debasing, evil socialism that is running rampant in the very halls of the once democratic (with a little “d” too!) hallways of WWWG.

This issue was forced upon me as I was still smarting from WWWG’s cheap-ass tour accommodations on my last visit to



Emil

GATHER TOGETHER CHILDREN!

Tokyo which included what must be the cheapest air flight in the modern era. From Seoul to Tokyo on an ancient DC-3 (a World War 2 Era cargo plane which become generally un-airworthy over a generation ago) airplane...a flight (as I wrote about in my last book on Tokyo about all of those shady, creepy people who might have a bit of trouble going through regular immigration and worse) that still troubles me and I did not even have enough money for a proper seven-day rail pass...

I sat all this aside and figured that I could use another trip and Tokyo is a favorite (only if I am on someone else's dime – it is still an expensive venue for the average traveler) of mine.

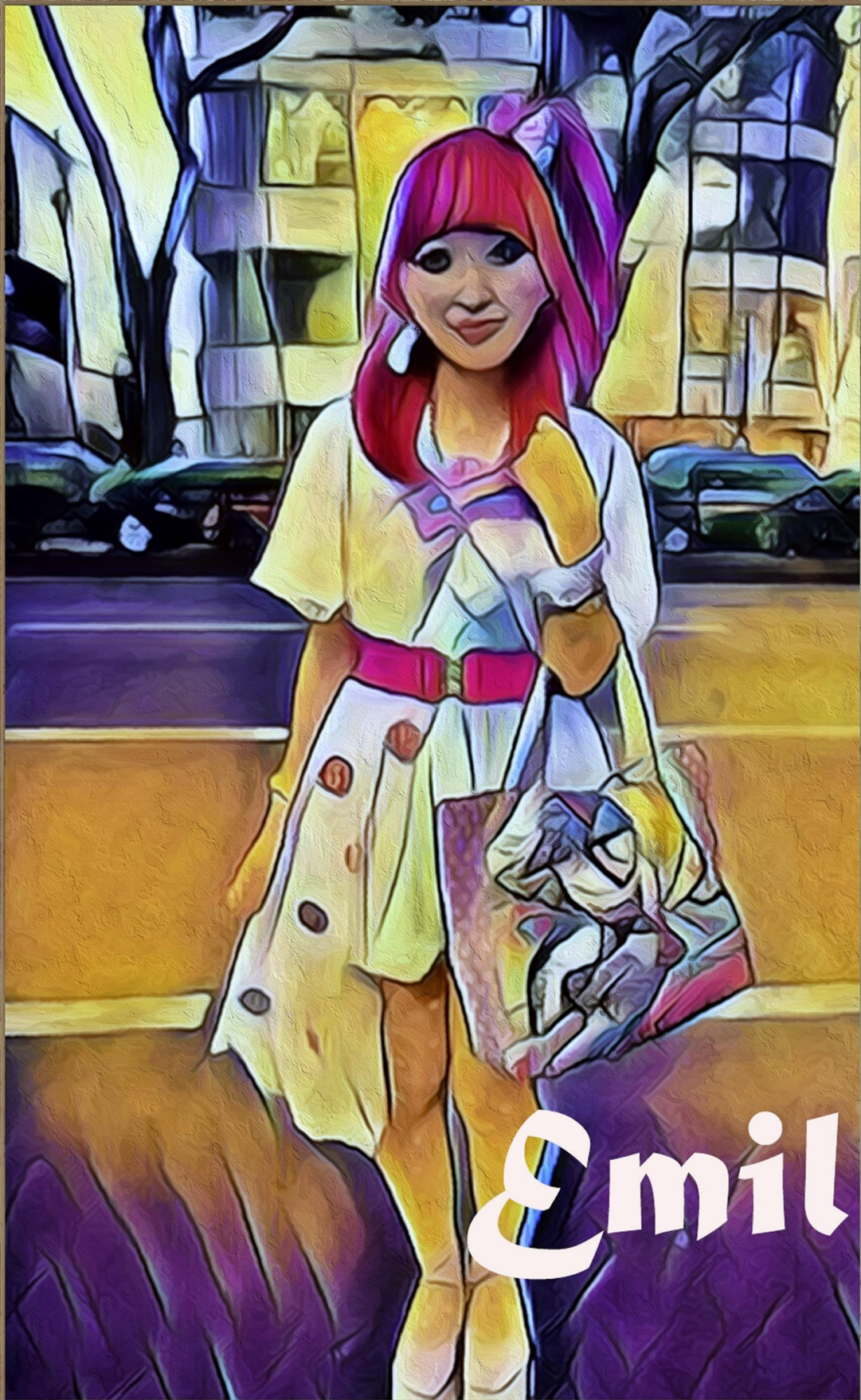
So I told Seine as a personal favor, I would bite the bullet and that I would even do more research by (even) borrowing a English-Japanese “101 important things to say in Japanese” book from the local lending library.

Sitting down to read the book, it was starting to dawn on me that the book might be slightly out of date when the sentences included “Which way to the Geisha House?” and especially, “Don't shot me! I am an American!” so, I looked at the copyright and it was from 1954 and was dedicated to helping young Gis on “R&R” from the Korean War...

I tossed it aside but, then went back to read it again as you never know when phrases like “Which way to the Gisha House?” might still come in handy...You never know!

Prepped, properly researched and ready to go, I parked my old and trusty travel bag on WWWG lobby's leather coach then went in to get my tickets from Seine.

This is were the outrage, THE DRAMA and betrayal began.



Emil

GATHER TOGETHER CHILDREN!

Waiting for me was Seine, Mister Chucky and several of the larger thugs from WWWG's Accounting Klan and with a quick look about the room, I sensed real trouble and you could just tell by the way they were carrying themselves, they were all ready, sporting for a mixer (a fancy English word for a knock down, dragged out by your feet street fight).

A fight for or about what?

Seine cleared his throat, the way he does when he is nervous, and started to talk in this weird, kind of formal "boss" voice... "Charles had a brilliant idea..."

Now, I know that I am about to get fracked over good...that explains the reason for the hired help, the muscle, they were there to protect Mister Chucky...maybe with need?

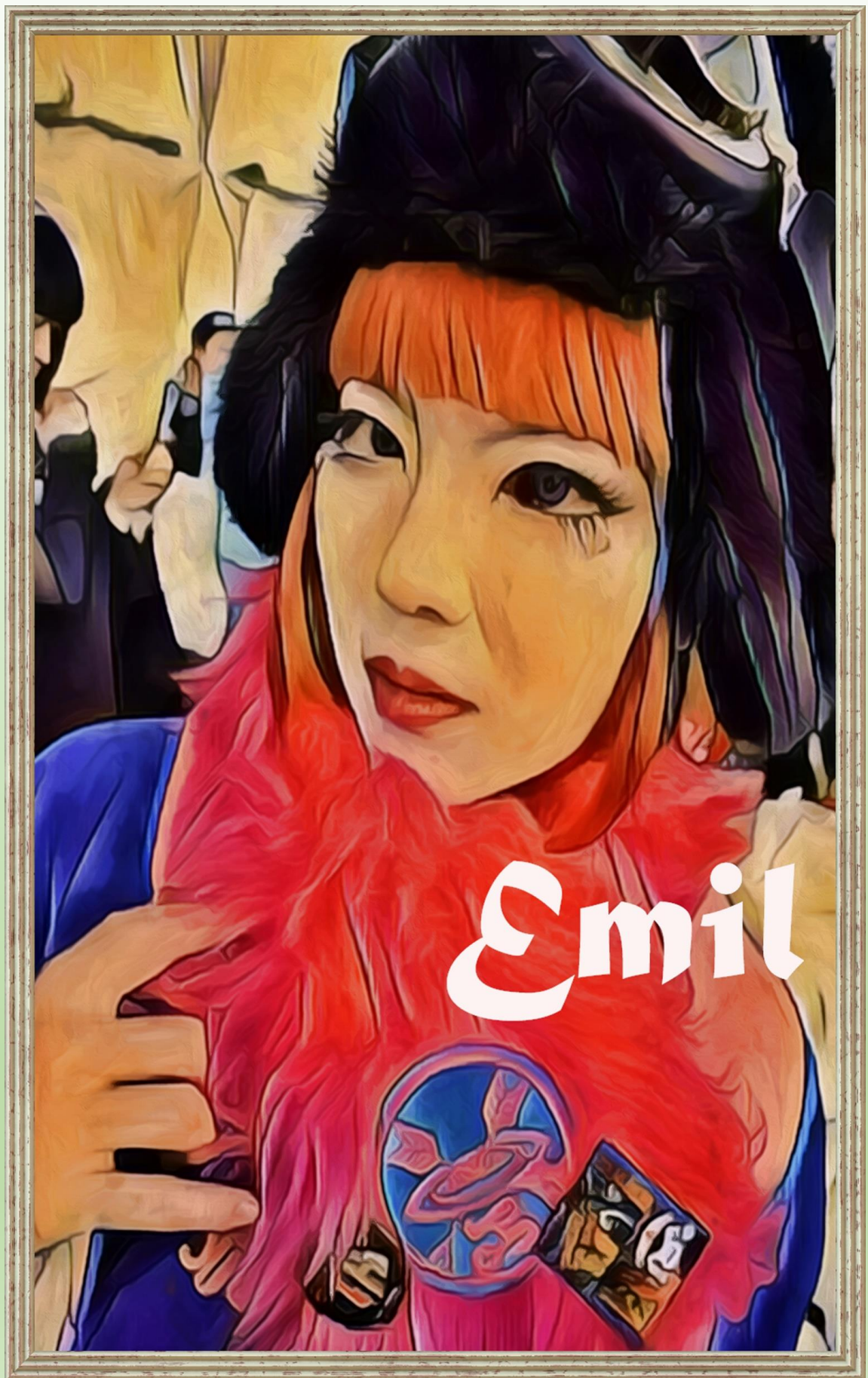
It was probably good that they were there as (even though) Mister Chucky is a big guy; I could have easily taken him to the woodshed, cleaned his clock even without the help of the most dashing...Old, Creepy Uncle Joe Biden to heroically step in...

"I was about to buy your tickets and Charles remanded me that since you went digital...you shoot a lot more pictures than with your Nikon F4s. He also said, that you had a ton of fotos left over from the last Tokyo Book and his suggestion was to save the trip and just have you retool those fotos..."

He nervously paused and glanced over to the accounting thugs; they nodded in agreement before Seine restarted...

"What do you think Emil...saves the company a lot of money and I kind of agree...What you think?"

What I though is not printable in any country or in any language...In fact, I couldn't say anything...I was lost for words!

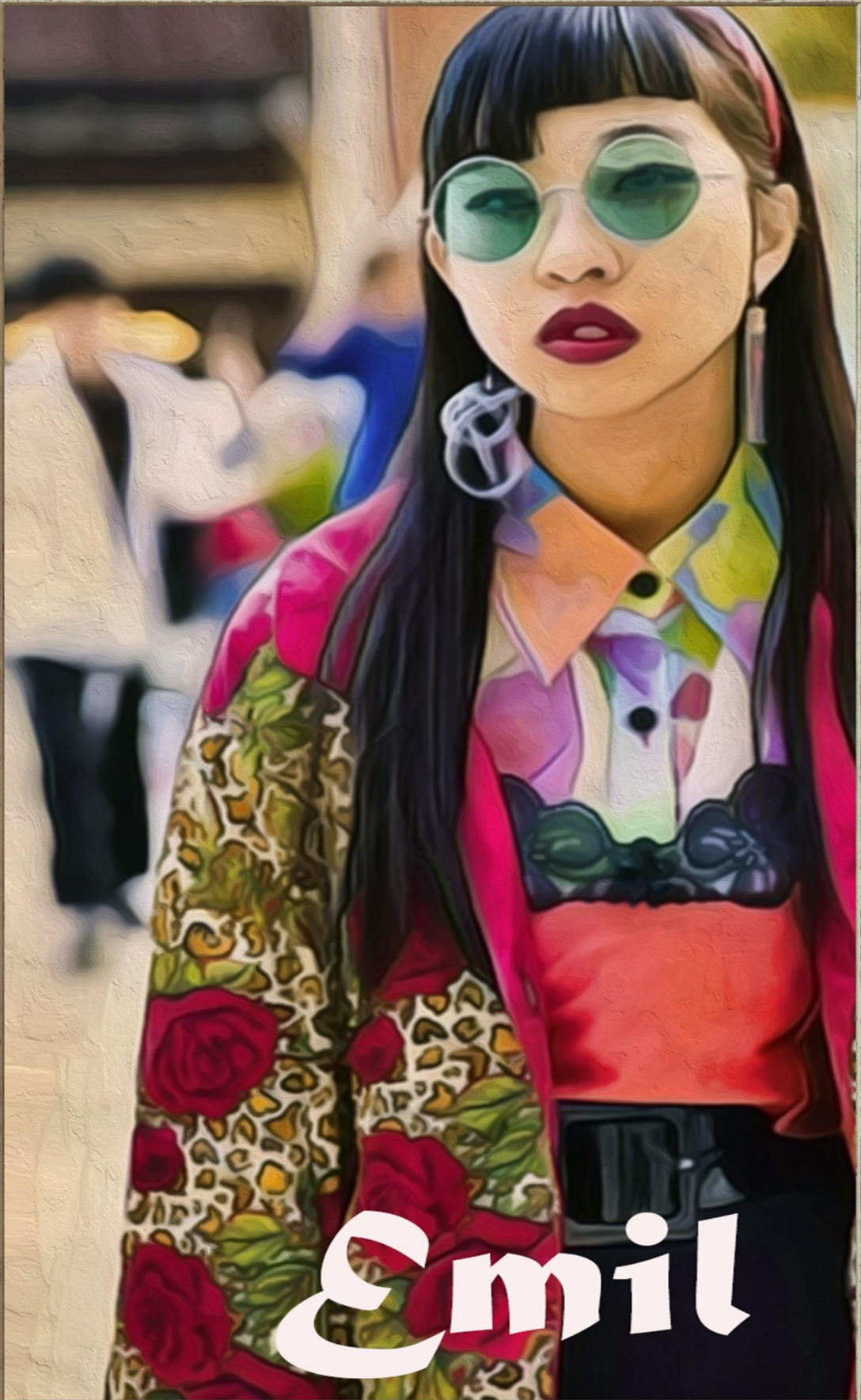




Emil







Emil



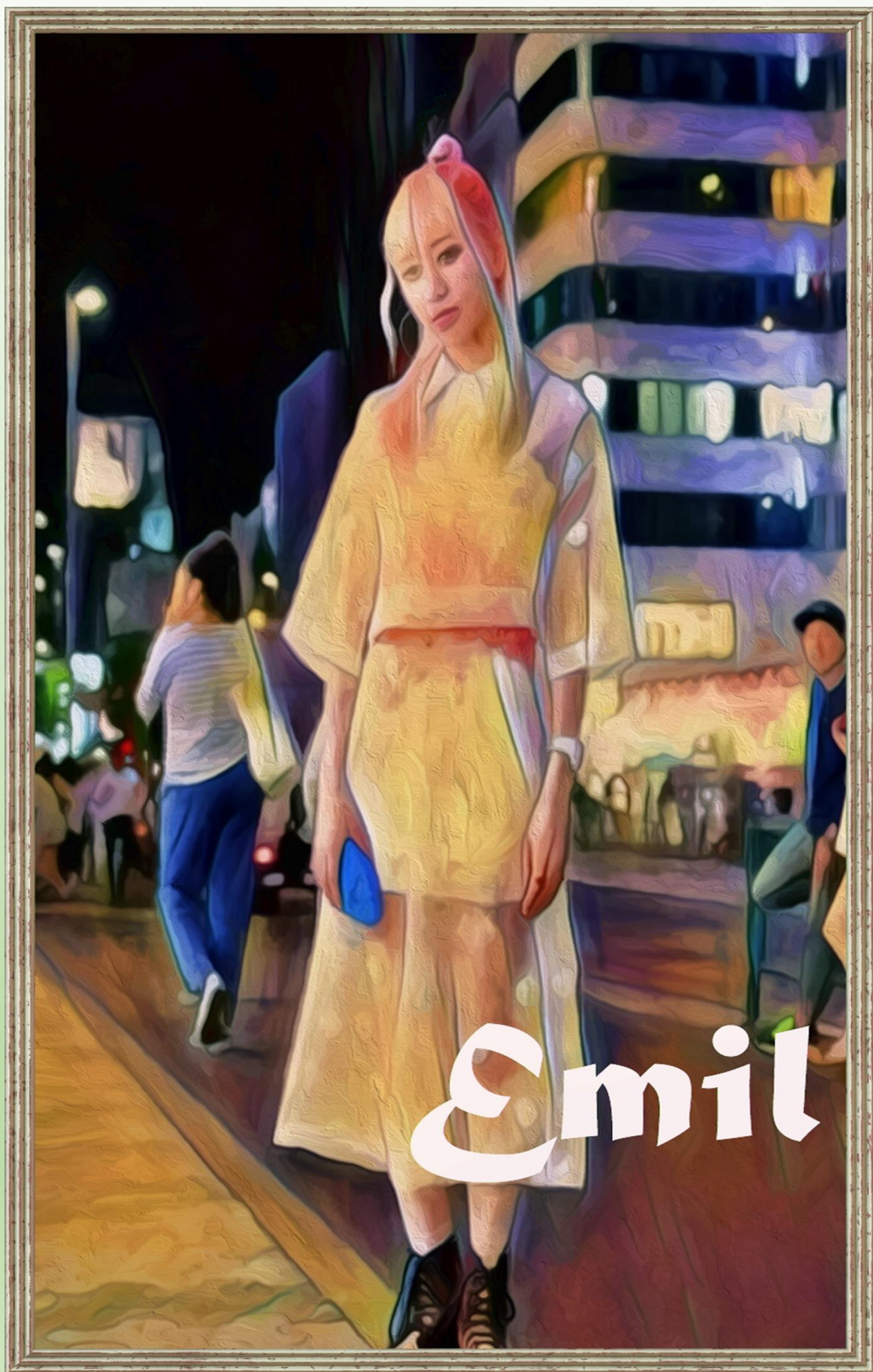


Emil

















Emil





Emil











Emil



Emil

LIGHTNING CAN STRIKE WITHOUT A PAUSE

{As they aren't paying for a new adventure...here is an old one}

Lightning can strike without a pause, no warning, without the common decency to say "Hi There" before your day is ruined and life again, becomes more complicated that you would have ever to dare and finally, even the flowers, stood silent, they were mute and indifferent to your plight...your fight with Old Lady, Nature herself. All-n-all, it was the wisest of options that were offered up at the moment and in retrospect, the option you might have selected too.

What does this have to do with the book? Nothing! It was a marauding, rally point that my thoughts retreated to on the rather uncomfortable and slow commuter plane that those swine accountants (Hey Chucky!) that Seine hopelessly, surrounds himself with in Singapore that booked this DC3 (1940's non-jet airplane) from Seoul to Tokyo for this quick day tour and photo shot.

Hopefully, things will cheer up as I will have a day or so on this unholy (under budgeted) pilgrimage to partake in some of Tokyo's non-touristy, discover new haunts and just wander down random streets, vacant alleys...out there with all the common folks...mostly because the budget is so low that I doubt that I will have proper funds to use the subway...

With hope, this will limit my exposure to the legions of pretentious, spoiled twenty-some-years old, Japanese Office Workers pretending to be teenage rebels, flashing back to memories that are really less from actual memories but, more from the fungaled tentacles thrusting out from their ever present anime comic books, seen everywhere,



LIGHTNING CAN STRIKE WITHOUT A PAUSE

{As they aren't paying for a new adventure...here is an old one}
occupying top shelf in every backpack or boldly peeking out
from a back pocket or over so hidden in jacket pockets.

These lost youth, they inhabit vast swatches of sidewalks and
corner real estate in Tokyo's Business and Shopping Districts, it
is there, on a nightly basis (matinee performances on
weekends and selective holidays) that they populate these
places – all of which serve as open watering holes and a public
place where they are free to display a rather odd sense of
rebellion mixed gingerly with the ability to socially interact
without actually having communicating to each other...had
some old creepy, white guy explaining this to me (on the flight
over, today) that it is all a very complicated two-step dance of
rebellion and mating...all at the same time...mixing and
matching...although, tame by American Standards – where the
final step in American version, it would many times results in
some serious “scratch-n-matching” down at the Free Clinic at
the end of a long evening (thank God, I'm not a teenager these
days) ... He continued on but, my mind drifted and keep rallying
back to my thoughts of silent flowers, lightning and that old
Fleetwood Mac song...”Thunder only happens when it is
raining...” supplied a suitable soundtrack.

The positive note that I took away from this unrequested
conversation was a sense of reassurance(s) that I might not
need to witness this, at least...not in person, this nightly ritual,
since all the main fields of action, pandemonium and a spirited
festival - picture it as an avant-garde, rendition of Rio's
Carnival...a powerful maelstrom...but, produced,



LIGHTNING CAN STRIKE WITHOUT A PAUSE

{As they aren't paying for a new adventure...here is an old one}

directed and starred the Nation's young graduates, tens-of-thousands of 20-30 years-old company workers pretending to be innocent teenagers; since most of these locations were too costly to visit on my rather limited budget...

Much too high above my pay grade, brother!

Much too much for my Richard Simmons's "Sweating to the Oldies" sweated down budget...

Impossible to afford it!

Can't go...

So, should be (for the most part) safe!

In retrospect, all of these 20-some-year old spuds might have turned out less twisted if they would have had porn on their internet like here in America... instead of this anime crap.

Just saying...

So, instead of dressing up as a slutty Minnie Mouse seeking a Mickey, you could be watching them on CNN or YouTube...pod broadcasting live from their very own hanging*...over there...there they are...over there...out behind the gym or there they are...hanging from the door of their sturdy, school locker – all due to having their feelings hurt by the other popular kids or body shaming or they could be taking the AR-15 they got as a X-Mas gift and heading directly down to their old high school and go about settling grudges in a time honored and old fashion, true American West tradition... nothing like riding into town and getting all Gary Cooper or Billy Jack on the facility and teaching all those no-good, snotty school students who the new sheriff is...high drama, at high noon, on CNN...

* **(Editor Warning: Never attempt this on your own)**



LIGHTNING CAN STRIKE WITHOUT A PAUSE

{As they aren't paying for a new adventure...here is an old one}

Instead, here in Tokyo, you have a generation of this nation's future...all of these lonely, 20-some-year office workers, they are spending a very large part of their best years amassing down here in the business district...assembling almost nightly, gathering here by the tens-of-thousands...all seemingly, lost souls, hanging out here, each with their own story, a anime driven version narrative of who they are pretending to be to forget that their real lives are stranded, on hold or totally reduced to being a corporate man until they retire.

Lost out here, if you look closely, in each of these urban, great shopping, human Serengetis that are scattered in and about Tokyo, you will see that these scant evenings, the limited moments of fantasy role playing are as free as many of these youngsters will ever be and it is truly heartbreaking when you realize that you are seeing the dreams of an entire generation being set aside, filed and cataloged into the giant corporate tombstones that surround these places...

For a few hours, nightly, you will see, all of the thousands of differed, forsaken and abandoned dreams of an independent, free future renewed, showcased and celebrated in total abandon as the night grows late and in the morning, you will see them march into those corporate, tombstone towers and each will pray that they can make it, yet, another day, here at altar of gaining and keeping that company job – regardless of its true value to your soul.



LIGHTNING CAN STRIKE WITHOUT A PAUSE

{As they aren't paying for a new adventure...here is an old one}

As you stand in line, trying to gain access to any of these bastions of the absurd, you will witness to what lengths, how far one will go to cast out the wrenched and impersonalness of their daily life.

If you go out seeking any of these human, watering holes...do yourself a favor and take a simple stroll down through each of these gaunt, wide sidewalks and step up and over the worn curbs, pass by the mass of young humanity crying out for attention...to be taken, to be seen as an individual instead of a corporate man...it is here in these concrete passage ways, you will often see what that creepy, old white guy, what he kept waxing on about with fine attention to even the smallest detail...you will see, what he calls the Tokyo Mating Grounds - here in the central districts of Tokyo...hidden here in these trendy, business and Shopping districts – all with easy parking and mostly located, conveniently near their awaiting work offices, cubicles or abundant subway cues.

Getting from the airport into the city is rather pleasant these days and economical to say the least.

I was here at the start of the 1990's Decade, when Tokyo was still considered to be the financial capital of Asia, even though there were already cracks in the investment foundations if you had the nerve to look closely...most of us didn't...

We saw the warning signs but, we kicked the can of truth further down the road, hoping that we would have made our fortune before the disaster struck...we whistled as we walked by the grave yard of corporative profit reports and we never



LIGHTNING CAN STRIKE WITHOUT A PAUSE

{As they aren't paying for a new adventure...here is an old one}

dared to question if the true bedrock of the Japanese Miracle was really based upon a small group of Japanese land owners (in downtown Tokyo) telling us that their real estate was REALLY worth ten billion dollars per acre...it was just accepted...

Wink...Wink...

Say no more!

"As long as I get my cut, bubba!"

Back in those days, Tokyo was one of or by far, the most expensive city in the world to live...Even on a corporate, expense account...it was daunting and expensive.

A shuttle bus from the airport into town...a shuttle bus not a limo...was \$150 US Dollars, each way...

Understand!

But, the alternative was to walk into town...and in those days, the airport was still out in the countryside. The first night, we had dinner out on the town...not a fancy or touristy place...no house show rather an almost a Mom & Pop diner with a simple meal of rice and fish still set us back \$100 per person...and we had to ask multiple times for a glass of water...no rice wine, even the cheap stuff, at those inflated prices.

We backpacked food in from the local market after that because, we blew our budget and maxed out the corporate credit card that IBC gave us.

This was frowned upon greatly by the hotel management who was less concerned by the food but, did express deep concern as to our financial stability and if we might be planning to stiff them by leaving in the middle of the night...



LIGHTNING CAN STRIKE WITHOUT A PAUSE

{As they aren't paying for a new adventure...here is an old one}

The senior manager seemed OK with that but, still keep extra porters and lobby staff on night duty, just in case. Little did he understand that the best time to dead beat it out run out on a bill is actually, mid-morning with all the confusion of the day's normal comings and goings...

I felt rather bad, that these guys were being forced to do double shifts to keep us from fleeing the country without paying our VAT Tax but, what could I do...

Anyway, we arrived at Tokyo but not at the normal gates, we were parked way out on the tarmac away from the main terminal...thank goodness, they did have some ancient city bus refitted to haul cheap travelers to the side door of the main terminal.

They unloaded us with the other assortment of cargo, chickens and I swear, I heard a goat protesting from the open cargo hold as we walked to the sputtering and blue, smoke haze belching from the old city bus's exhaust.

Packed like sardines or third-class freight, the rest of the ride into the terminal was uneventful and without incident.

Looking about, at my fellow travel companions – a term I use very loosely, at best...

There is no way in this world, little-a-lone, the next; that I would claim friendship little alone any kinship to this gallery of rouges, soldiers-of-fortune...that creepy, old white guy still talking up his great love of Japanese Youth...and, a cast of characters seemingly, directly, out of some old French movie about the new deportees for the French Foreign Legion...



Emil

LIGHTNING CAN STRIKE WITHOUT A PAUSE

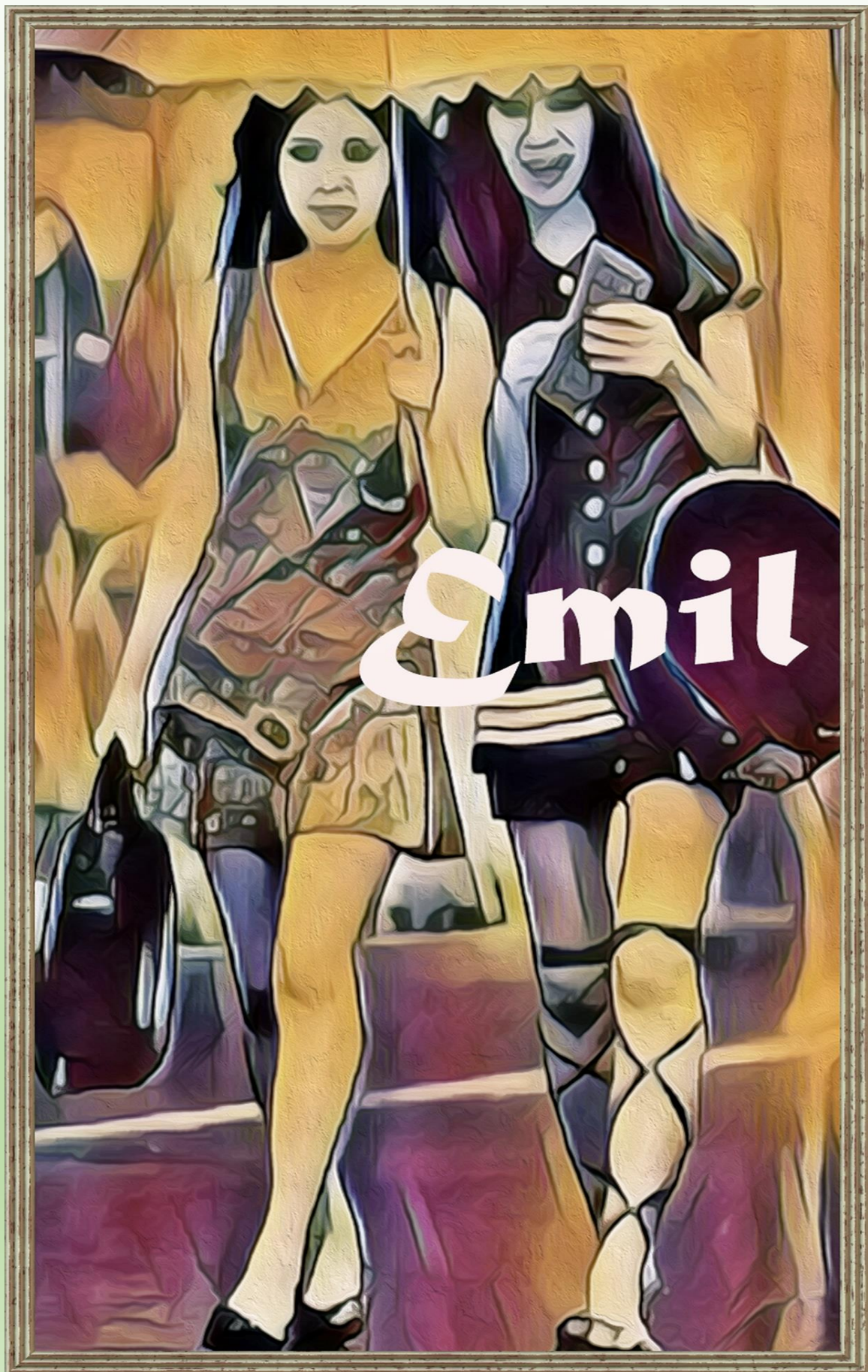
{As they aren't paying for a new adventure...here is an old one}

Now, you know why this was the cheapest flight that dear old Chucky and his hysterical gang of bean counters could find for me. It was almost a certainty, that standing in the same immigration line as this motley group of perverts, mercenaries and prison escapees; I was certain that we would be put back on the same plane and told to go back to whatever "shithole" rock that we had crawled out from under...

(EDITOR NOTE: While we disagree with Emil's usage of the verbiage in the above line and would have normally been required by Singaporean Decency and Publishing Laws, we would have to either cut or request that Emil rephrase the comment to be less offensive. Emil argued successfully with the Censorship Board that it is now common usage, slang ever since President Trump utilized the same terminology with a similar statement from his tweeter account...)

Much to my surprise, we made it through immigration without much effort although, when they asked and I told them, where I would be staying...it raised a glance and a slight chuckle from the Immigration Officer. Having never stayed at this hotel (booked by Chucky), this response was concerning to say the least.

To add even greater concern...that creepy, old white guy overhead the conversation and came up to me...slapped me on the back and asked if we could share a cab as he was staying in the same place...he furthered the conversation as we should



LIGHTNING CAN STRIKE WITHOUT A PAUSE

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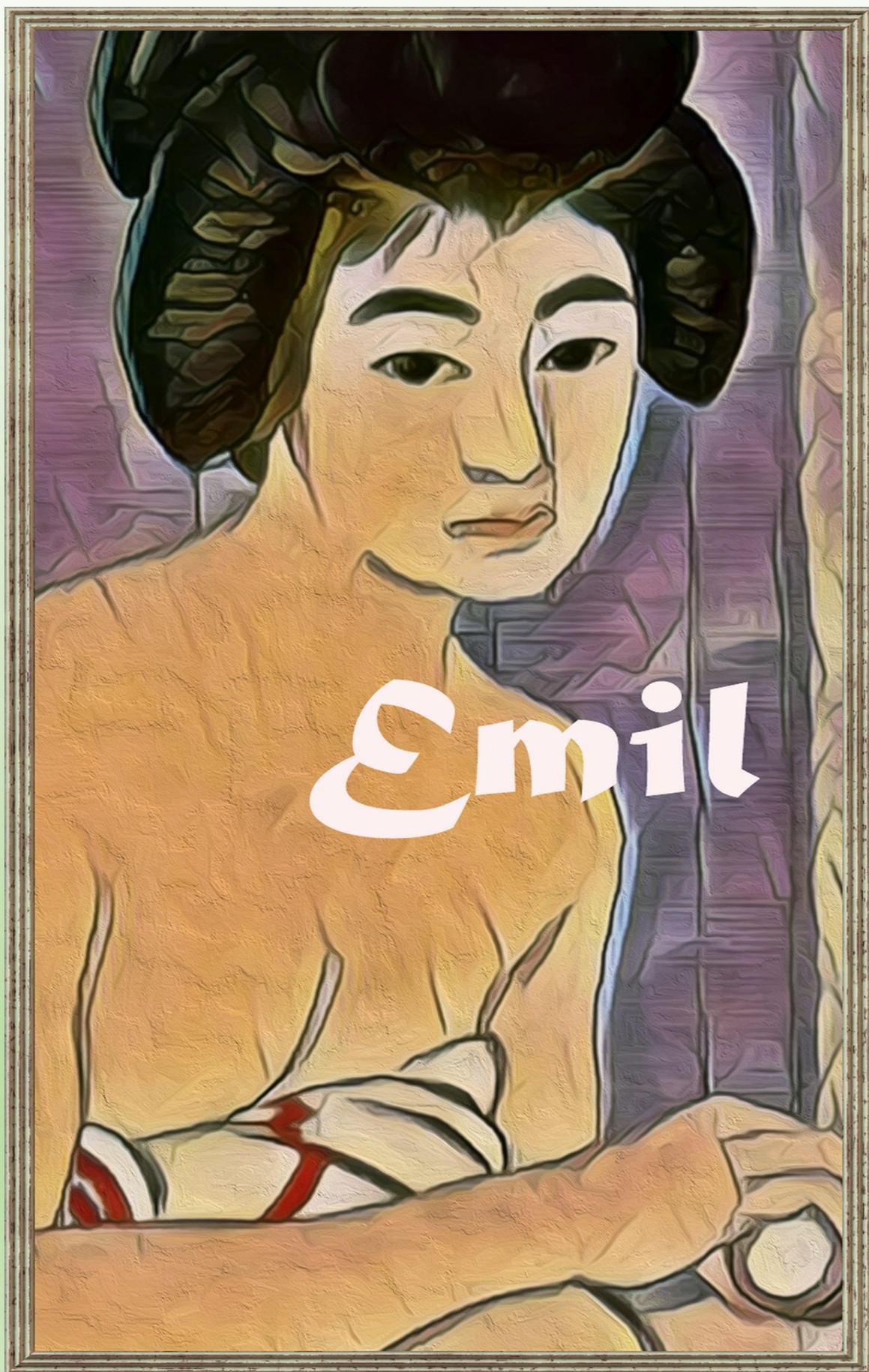
get together for a night on the town or did he say prowl?

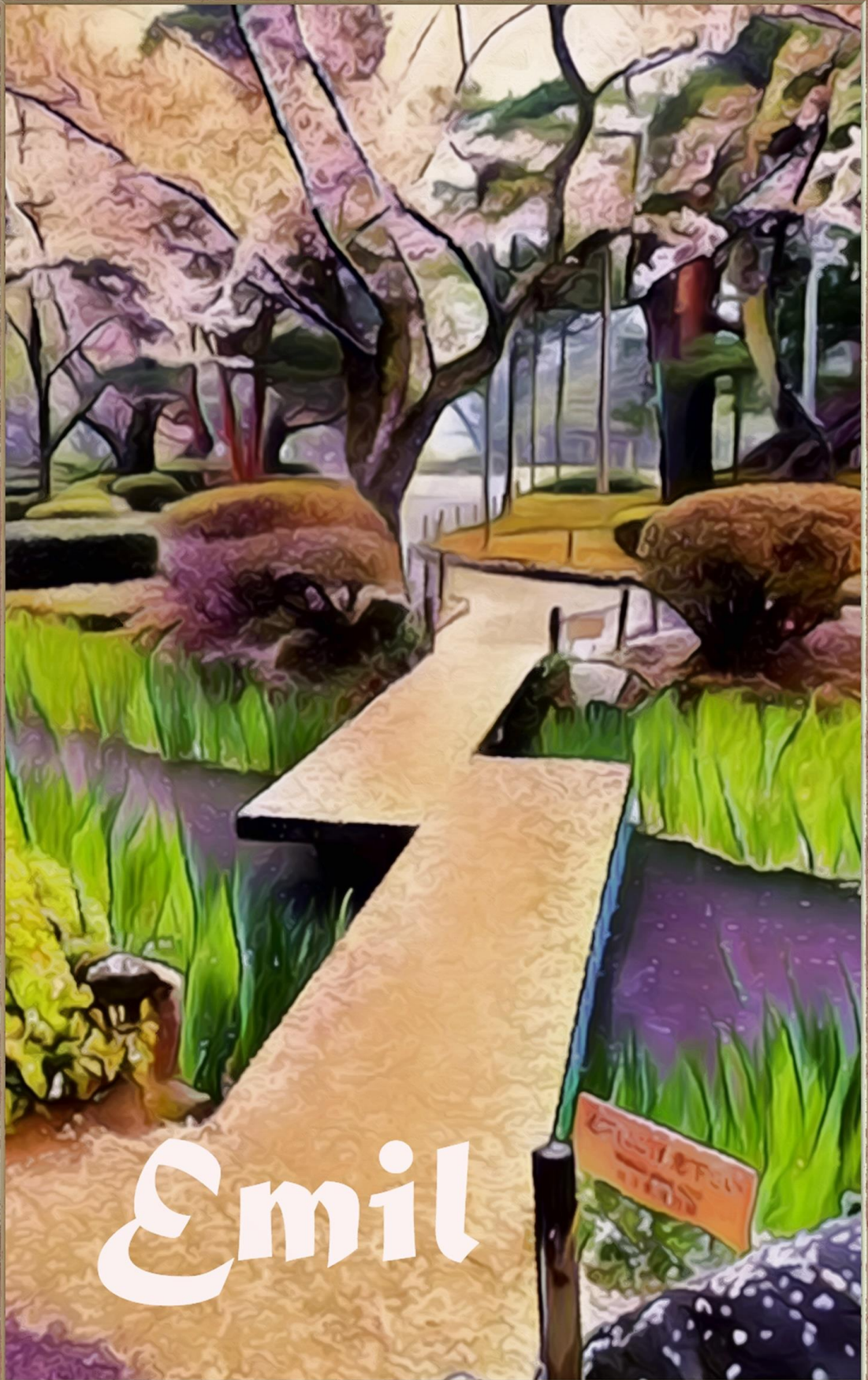
It was all lost on me as I told him that I was taking the train and excused myself to have a conversation with this random, passing stranger who was somewhat taken back as I started walking along with him, waving back to some old, creepy white guy and yelling that this was my friend from Seoul and I was going to his place instead...

"No more room in his car...Sorry! See ya...later..."

Emil







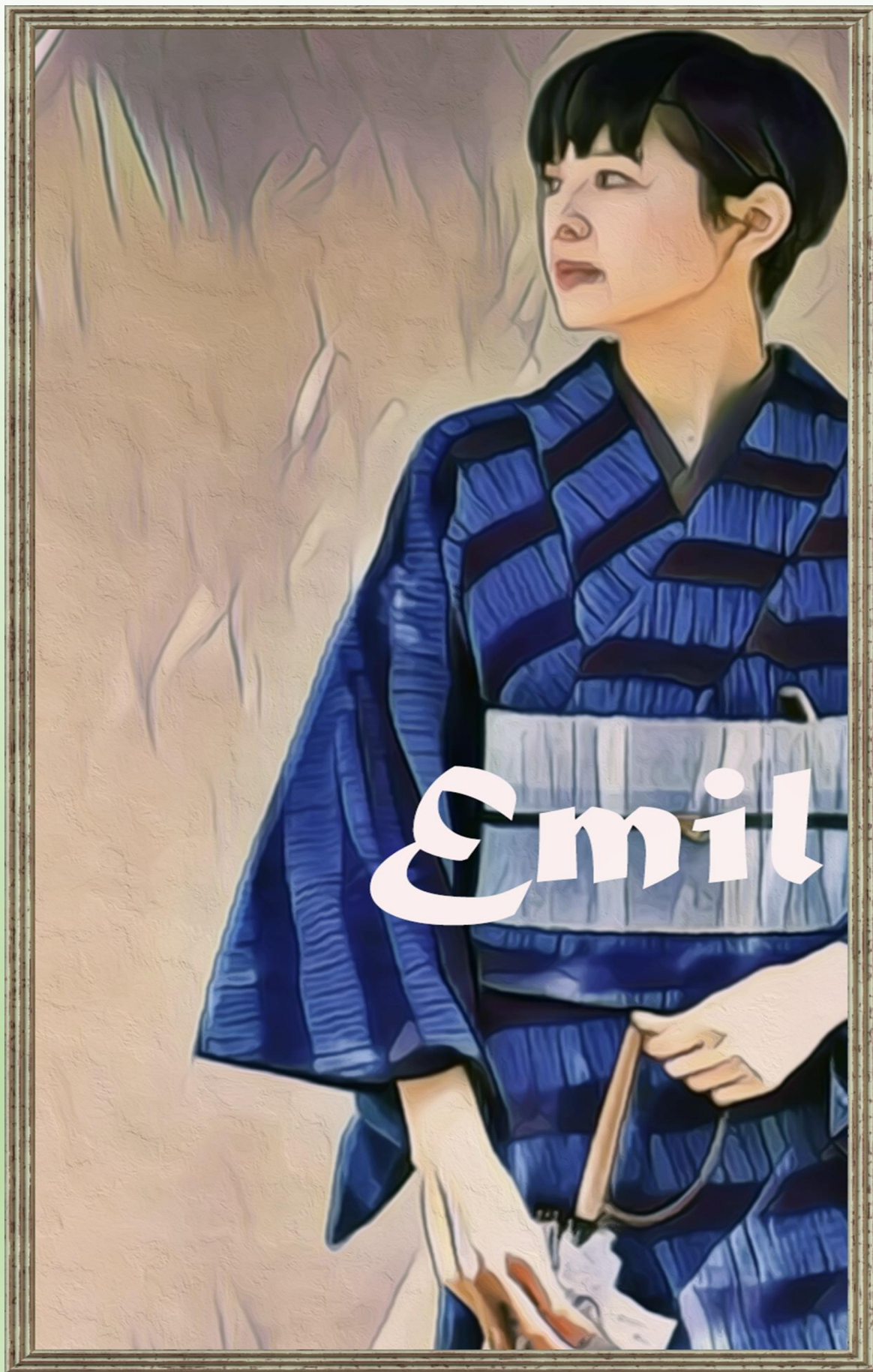
Emil



Emil













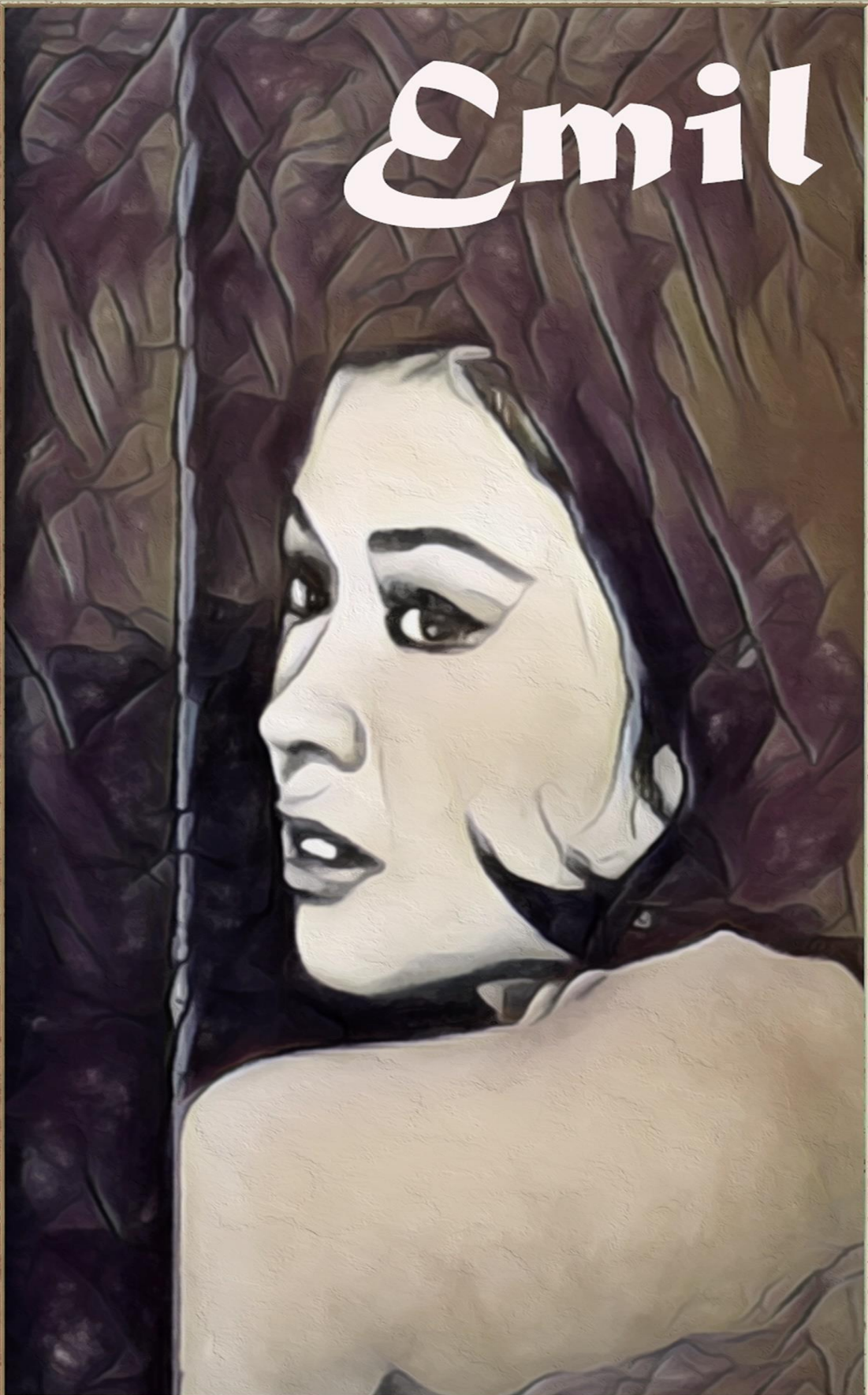








Emil





Emil













“IF ONLY WE HAD FOUND NIRVANA”

“If only we had found Nirvana” but she was right in warning us that we were late to the season and to this spot of the world. She then looked me in my blood stained and spattered eyes, without a lisp or a stutter, she asked my point blankly “If you were a tree...what kind of tree would you be?”

I know! It was truly, a very long, tiring night here in the Shubuta Prefect and, yes! I understand how I had railed and waxed on (just) yesterday afternoon, all about this lost generation and how sad it was to see a whole generation cast out into society’s dustbin...and yet, here I am...waking up on this damp, dirty door step...next to one of the more ragged versions of this lost generation and she seems to be jabbering away...talking in some hipster code (or was this what Barbara Walters really looks like after a hard night on the town?) about trees...what would I be? Uhh?

Turning away from her hipster coded challenge, after I betray my uncoolness and all I could muster was just to stare back at her with a painfully, absurd expression of utter confusion...really, I was at a total loss of words, in fact, I was lost for very thought at the moment she jabbed me in the ribs...seems that I was being rather hard to wake up and I was blocking the doorway to her little shop...here...somewhere in what looked to be Shubuta...at least, it was as I vaguely remembered it from last night.

Slowly gaining my feet, with the help of the nearby wall to stead my rise, I made sure that I had not lost my wallet.



Emil

“IF ONLY WE HAD FOUND NIRVANA”

Wallets are among the first thing to disappear when you fall asleep on some stranger's door step...trust me! I have researched this on numerous...seemingly, countless times in my journeys.

The wallet was still firmly in my front pocket...

Traveler's Tip 101: Always carry your wallet and other valuables in your front pockets as they are much less likely to get pick-pocketed. Leaned this important life lesson from a master pickpocket that befriended me as a youth in the burley sidewalks of South London...another story for another time) Pulling it out, it seemed light...it felt, empty!

I gasped and quickly flung it open...it was in fact, empty...

Have you ever been startled awake by a jabber, hipster who had suck punched you in the ribs...only to discover that you were left with an empty wallet?

If so, you can sense my feelings at this very confusing moment, you have been there and have felt that utter sense of dread that overtakes, overrides all of your other senses and you too, have been touched by that chilly wave of panic as it crests the top of your aching head and maybe, it was the vertigo that held you in place.

Then, you alone, you will truly have previously lived a moment similar enough to cause you a pinch of pain and so, please forgive me in how much has been withheld - all that might have been indiscreetly added to paint the picture for those non-initiated – and, who now complain that I failed to report here.



Emil

“IF ONLY WE HAD FOUND NIRVANA”

Empty wallet?

Damn!

Wait! It was coming back to me now,

“It was empty last night too!”

Pieces flash, blink and fall to the sidewalk in the form of a massive mosaic, jigsaw puzzle without a central core to guide you...

With thoughts and eyes clearing, I notice the strong smell of stale sake that covered me and for a brief moment, I recalled my granddad and how his Old Spice Cologne...

Weird how such random thoughts strike you?

“I wasn’t robbed!”

Well not in a traditional sense...see, crime rates in Tokyo are amongst the lowest in the world for random street crime...Now, there is a lot of organized crime...well, not really any more than you see in New York or Chicago...like there, like here...it was the cost of business and cutting through the red tape and greedy bureaucrats (without stretched fingers grasping at your wallet)...Here it is efficient, done with an eye to ritual and there is a true sense of pageantry to its impartations.

What I mean by “not in the traditional sense” was that I paid a greatly inflated price for cheap sake, as I was a drunk foreign devil without (I am sure at that moment) redeeming grace or the merit of friendship or kinship to any of my drinking partners, last night.

“If only we had found Nirvana but, we were too late in this season of the world.”



“IF ONLY WE HAD FOUND NIRVANA”

Staggering with a slight sway to my cadence that gave me the ridiculous impression of a hungover, road-worn penguin...it was painful to gather the courage to glance up at my image, reflecting off the heavy plate glass windows of the passing storefronts.

Nothing was making sense as my mind had yet, started to reassemble the tiny pieces of the jigsaw puzzle...mostly due to the residual pain of being woke up on the doorsteps of some shop-house and being rather rudely awoken, at that.

Furthermore, I am lazy and not being one to dwell in the past, I was more concerned about getting back to the (hopeful) safety of my cheap hotel with no coinage to hail a taxi or take the subway.

“Wonder? What are the laws here about pan-handling?”

I asked a passing hipster, who seemed to have, also, a long eventful night here in Shubuta.

“Excuse me?” This hipster, of this lost generation, addressed my in the polite, daytime, company man voice.

I repeated my question and again, he was puzzled by my verbiage... “Damn!” It then dawned upon me that language might travel and be learned but, the meaning(s) don’t necessary make the same passage...he didn’t understand the word “pan-handling.”

After an awkward pause of blank stares, I tried to pantomime the word’s meaning and at this very moment, I realized that whatever I was doing was going terribly, it was going sideways! I could see that his face had turned ashy gray, his hands were trembling and he was gasping for breath.

Emil



“IF ONLY WE HAD FOUND NIRVANA”

He thought, I was trying to rob him...here in the safest city in the world, near his company's tombstone business tower...He had come face-to-face with sheer evil...from a guy dressed like a well-worn Tuxedo Max...I thought he was going to faint. I reassured him...that, I was only seeking cab fare back to the safety of my hotel...

“Please, do not call the police!”

I further invested in explaining myself, my rugged appearances and as my sad story was absurd as was my appearance, he smiled, opened his wallet and gave me cab fare back to my hotel...

I was homeward bound to my cold water, walk up...my rat's nest of a hotel in the cheaper part of the city...and he was off to change into his business suit, uniform of a company man and to start, yet, another day of death sitting in a numberless cubical, in a nameless room while dreaming his escape at 6 PM...back out to the wild streets of his real life fantasies, here in the district.

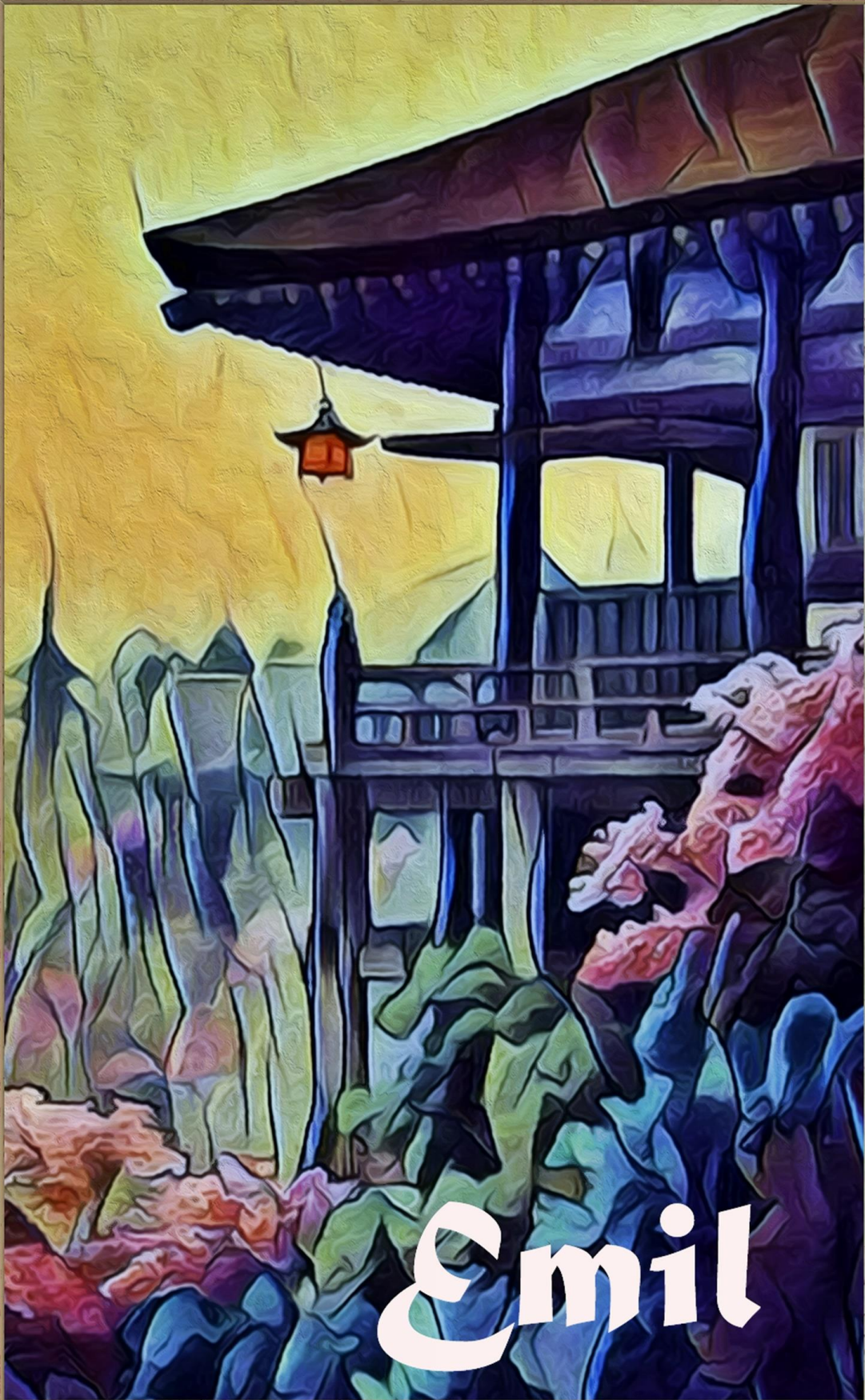
Most of the cab ride was lost on me as my mind drifted to rethink that bad image I had painted of this young generation of Japanese...

Maybe, it is us who are lost?

Maybe, they found a solution, a bridging gap, a less radical way to balance living in this modern world?

Like my Navaho Friends use to say

“Our dreams are reality and our reality are our dreams.”



Emil

“IF ONLY WE HAD FOUND NIRVANA”

Maybe, this generation of young Japanese are not truly lost but, have discovered a peace of mind in what the Navaho had tried to teach me as a true key to living a happy life.

By replacement, mixing and matching realty with their own dream world, they have achieved their own Japanese version of Nirvana.

And, yes...

We were too late in the season to see it.

I made a note to remember this for the book.

The cabbie pulled over and roused me out of the cab and drove off in a rush, as this was not a suitable neighborhood to go seeking a new fair.

Emil



SORRY! THAT AIN'T ME!

The young girl in her late twenties...

NO!

I am not one of those old white guys who seem to populate Asia in far too great of numbers these days...all seeking, looking to date Young Asian Women...most times, younger than their own granddaughters...It looks as bad, worse than it sounds!

Sorry! That ain't me!

She leaned slightly up over the hotel's deeply stained, oak counter and in a near whisper said to me

"I wish to have you put your name below these notes on your bill, written at the time when I first met you here **(when you checked in)**, because the memories of our talks are connected **(to your extensive use of the mini-bar and the missing table from your room...by the way, where is the TV?)** with my liking of your country and of its story, and because **(my boss needs to know who is going to be responsible for this growing bill for room service)** for a time you were Amerika to me."

What nice people...

Most other places would have already called the police but, here, there was a sense of a show which had an enormous draped sign outside, and where, in uncertain darkness, an old, miserable, distorted dwarf played the part of a spider in a web, to the accompaniment of fiendish music and the declamation of the showman.

I lingered at her counter as I had a wrestling match of what to say or do, (a riveting cage match to the death with good old boy, Chucky...WWWG's resident accountant and a distorted

Emil



SORRY! THAT AIN'T ME!

dwarf by just about anyone's observation...not just mine) it was going on in my head as she talked with additional pleasantries, but I did not enter into any details or commitments on my part to take responsibility – as WWWG's name was on the bill not mine.

She was still smiling as I proceeded towards the beckoning and appealing doors that called upon me to pick up the pace and get the hell out of here while the young girl was confused by comments about that evil, penny-pinching, dwarf Chuck and how “they better cover the whole bill as I am the artist...the creative genius who...”

I did go on a little further in my expiation before being drawn to the doors and escaped to the relative freedom of the awaiting sidewalks...

Kicked another can further down the street and held off the hounds of the corporative collectors who seem so destine to suck the last few yen (dollars...dinars...pesos) out of me...suck me dry down to selling my blood into plasma and selling it by the pint...

I shouldn't joke as I have been told that it is not uncommon to have hi-roller deadbeats waking up in Hong Kong (these days) missing a kidney or two as a resolve of an overdue billing...

This is what I have been told...remind me to avoid any new assignments to Hong Kong...although, I may not be able to go anyway, due to the standing restraining order, that the Chinese have against me...there at the Beijing Airport...long story...

An oil painting of two women in a stylized fashion. The woman on the left has short, vibrant purple hair and is wearing a teal trench coat over a yellow top. She is holding a black bag and looking down. The woman on the right has long, bright red hair and is wearing a black dress with a white Star of David on the chest, layered under a leopard-print cardigan. She is holding a black bag and looking towards the camera. The background shows a blurred outdoor setting with trees and a building. The entire image is framed by a thin, ornate border.

Emil

SORRY! THAT AIN'T ME!

Koriyama-Son was a traveled man, having gone as far as St. Louis – on a recent vacation/tour of the USA...who goes to St. Louis?

Sorry...but, if I were Koriyama-Son, I would sue that travel company...they could have taken him to East St. Louis at least...better people and better food than in the Holiday Inn Section of town where he stayed, at least from my experiences, East St. Louis is as true to what America really is - as real as you ever want to actually get...without some weirdo, death wish... I spent a month there on a cold, very rainy night, in East St. Louis without a friend left to call.

He, being an elderly chap, wore an old-fashion, 1950's stokers' cap, flattened forwards over the top of his freshly shaven head; from the distance he looked like a cross between a gangster and a well-to-do monk...

I studied his hands, inspecting them to notice an missing digits...Seeing that he still had all his fingers, on both his hands, and given his advanced age; if he were a gangster, then, he was a very good one...at least never was caught making a mistake... That's a very good thing!

OH Well!

It all seemed to have worked itself out again.

With the mission done, I just got back to the hotel and they seem rather upset by a telex that they received from Singapore...from WWWG...in fact...

Seems our little boy Chucky...was having a hard time with the hotel's bill...



Emil

SORRY! THAT AIN'T ME!

I reassured the owner of the hotel that Chucky was just a little office (dwarf) clerk who thinks that he speaks for the company and that you needed to send the bill to his boss, the owner of the company, Seine.

I told him that this Chucky guy was pure crazy but, as he is a brother-in-law...Chinese too...(The hotel owner was of the older generation, he immediately understood what I was saying and sided with me*) of Seine...there was little more that you can do but, take it directly to Seine...

"He is a good guy...always pays the bills...he is French you know..."

Please add an extra \$50 for all your troubles!

Wink...Wink!

OH...I will be checking out...

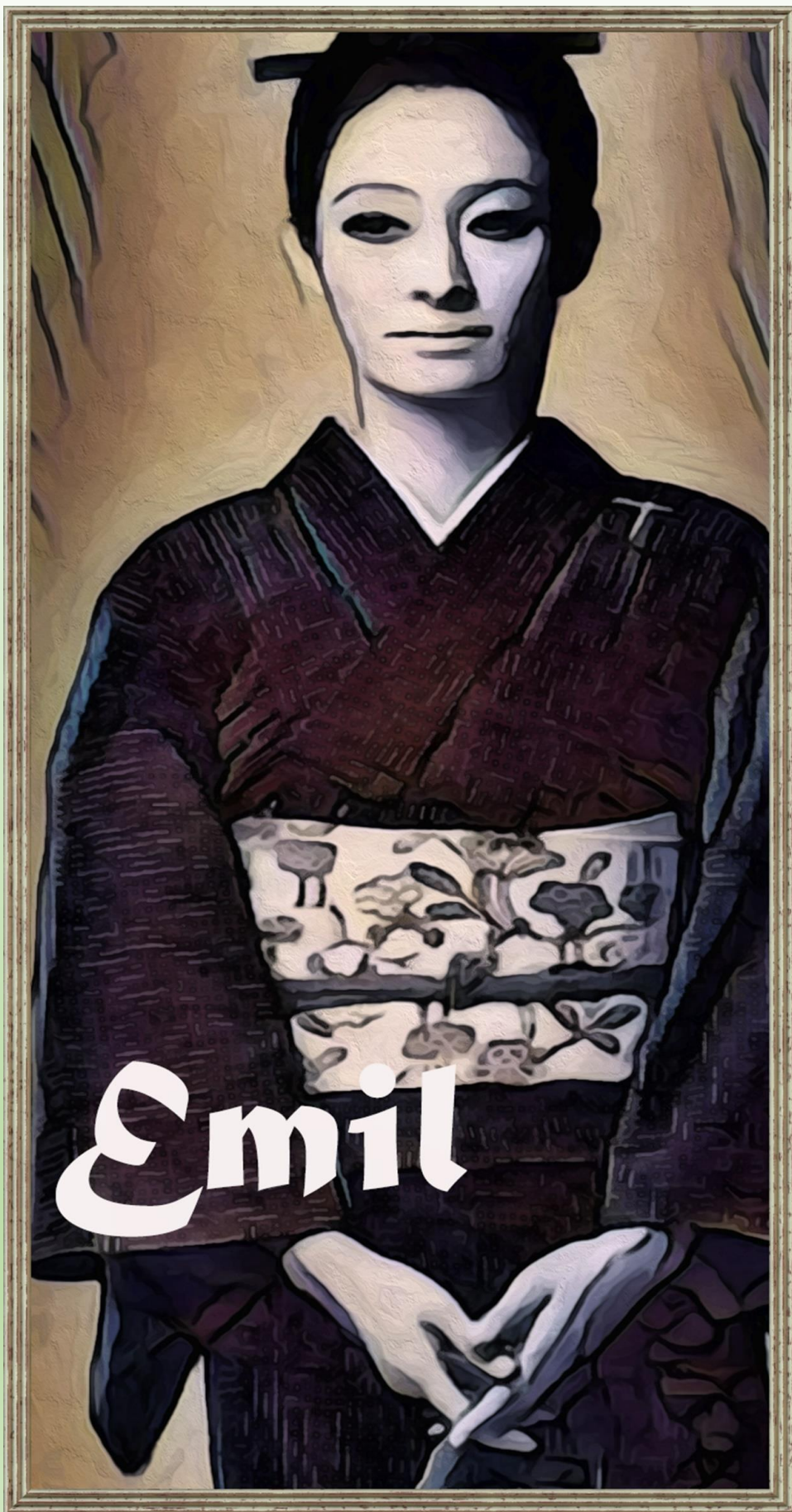
No...No...No problems...

Can you call me a cab?

*He grew up during the war and in fact, three of his great uncles died fighting in China and his dad came home a broken man and never achieved the greatness his family had preplanned for him.

So, the Chinese are not his friend anymore than a Jap is to an American who lost family fighting the Japanese...I am old of their father's generation, I know how to successfully work this ploy to their worst memories and here he swiftly turned on Mister Chuckie and eagerly enlisted into the Great Asian Army of Emil...Pretty deep for a footnote...you think?







Emil

Emil





Emil West

10 mins · 🌐 ▼



Good Morning Campers...

Get your lazy, lay-about butt out here, the sun's starting to force its way pass the remaining monsoon clouds as Old Jimmy sings...

Man!

What a mournful tune to start this cloudy day on but, sometimes...

Ya know even better than me,

You have just got to go with what you got...and that is (today) with Jimmy singing...

Belting it out...like only he use to know how to do...

Is that a tear in your eye?

Still thinking about them...the other night...

That is way past due, out-of-date, reshuffled into the grave yard of past thoughts, actions and misdeeds!

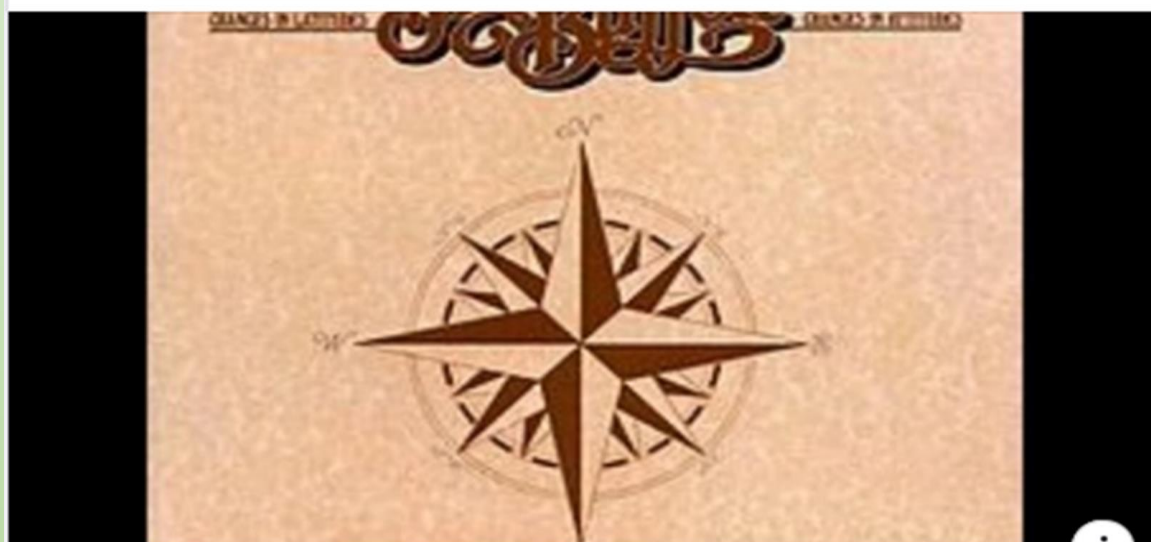
Get with the program here...scream and shout it out...

"Sing it pretty, brother Jimmy!"

"Missing ya Badly!"

Too each of you other Campers that are not here to share our morning cup(s) of good Cuban Rum...

"Your loss, Bubba!"



YOUTUBE.COM

Jimmy Buffett Miss You So Badly with Lyrics in Description

Track 8 from his seventh and the breakthrough album "Changes in Latitude,..."

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EMIL WEST

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About EMIL WEST

Welcome to all fans (all five or so of you) of Emil's doddles and we hope you will enjoy this new catalog of Emil's available art.

Emil had other ideas as to what the title should be and even though, they were clever and not without merit; Charles (WWWG's Financial Guru) won the final selection with the argument that we might create a new market for

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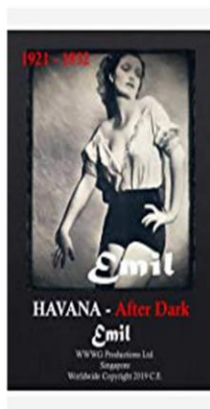
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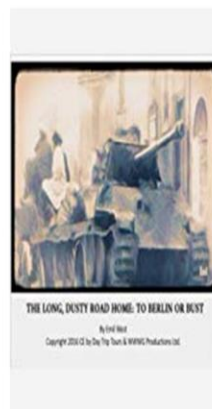
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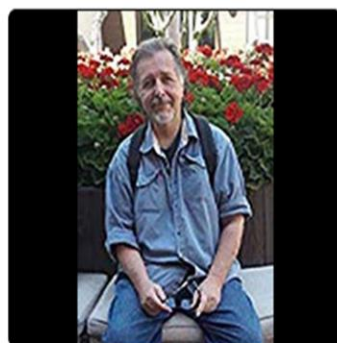
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Waiting
for the
Sun

Emil

WORLD PRODUCTIONS LTD.
Singapore
First Publication: 2019

Waiting for the Sun Aug 27, 2019

by Emil West , Seine LaGone

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Day Trip Tour to Ancient Siam
In the Dreamtimes

Emil

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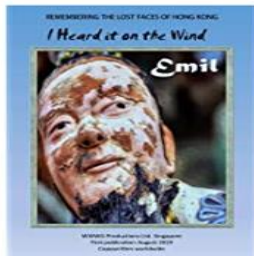
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REMEMBERING THE LOST FACES OF HONG KONG

I Heard it on the Wind

Emil

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First Publication: 2019

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EMIL

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Give Pro

Emil's Visions

4 Followers • 1 Following

995 Photos

Kabul, Afghanistan

Joined 2011

About

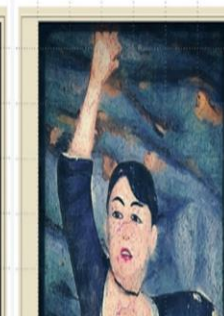
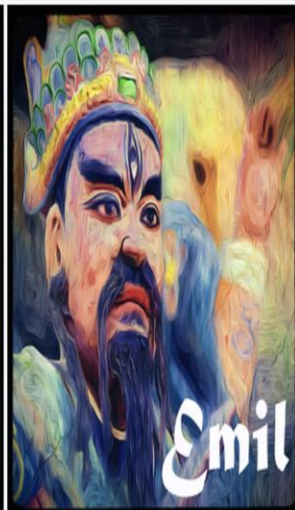
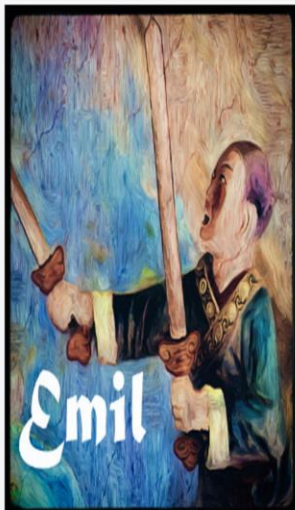
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